

The Musical World.

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VOL. 40—No. 15

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THE ART-WORLD.

NEW ILLUSTRATED ART PAPER.

THE ART-WORLD, AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITOR: a Weekly Illustrated Journal of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Ornamental Art and Manufactures, Engraving, Photography, Poetry, Music, the Drama, &c. Edited by HENRY OTLEY, assisted by Writers of Eminence in the various departments of art.

"Everywhere I see around me
Rise the wondrous WORLD OF ART."—LONGFELLOW.

This Journal will give a faithful report of all the productions and doings in the whole circle of the Fine and Decorative Arts—Original Articles upon the History of Art, and the interests of Artists in their profession; Reviews of New Books relating to Art and Belles-Lettres; besides a summary of the proceedings of Artistic and Learned Societies, Art On-dits, Notes of Important Sales of Works of Art and Vertu, Correspondence, &c., copiously illustrated in a novel style.

The tone of criticism in THE ART-WORLD will be candid and impartial; intrepid of glaring error and presumption; discreditable; generous and encouraging in every case where merit or promise is recognized.

The contents of the International Exhibition of 1862, coming within the scope of Fine or Decorative Art, will be amply described and illustrated in THE ART-WORLD. Each Number of THE ART-WORLD will contain thirty-two handsome pages, printed in the best style upon paper of a fine quality.

Published by S. H. LINDLEY, at the Office, 19 Catherine Street, Strand, where communications for the Editor, Advertisements, &c., are to be addressed; and by KENT & Co., Paternoster Row.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY of MUSICIANS. Instituted in 1798, for the Support and Maintenance of Aged and Indigent Members, their Widows and Orphans.

The ANNUAL PERFORMANCE of Handel's MESSIAH will take place at St. James's Hall on Friday Evening, April 25, to commence at 8 o'clock.

Principal Vocalists: Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Mad. GUERRABILLA, Miss ELEONORA WILKINSON, and Mad. WEISS, Miss LASCELLES, and Mad. SANTON-DOLBY; Mr. WILBYE COOPER, Mr. WIPFIN, Mr. T. A. WALLWORTH, Mr. LEWIS THOMAS, and Mr. W. H. WEISS. Principal violin, Mr. WILLY; trumpet obbligato, Mr. T. H. HARPER; organist, Mr. E. S. HOPKINS, Conductor, W. S. BENNETT, Mus. Dr.

Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s.; to be obtained at the Hall, and principal Musicsellers. STANLEY LUCAS, Sec.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—A GRAND CONCERT will take place on Friday, May 9, in which the Military Band of Messrs. Broadwood & Sons' manufactory will perform, under the direction of the Bandmaster, Mr. Sullivan. Eminent Artists will appear. Further particulars will be duly announced. Conductor, Mr. Walter C. Macfarren.

Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. C. TRAILL, Messrs. Broadwood's Manufactory Horseferry Road, Westminster, or Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, and of all the principal Musicsellers.

APTOOMMAS'S HARP RECITALS.

MR. APTOOMMAS announces that he will give Six Performances of HARP MUSIC, from all the best Composers, at 16 Grosvenor Street (by the kind permission of Messrs. Collard & Collard), commencing on April 25, at 3 o'clock.

Prospectuses, and Subscribers' list, at the Music Shop.

MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honour to announce that her Singing Classes (for Ladies only) commenced at her Residence, 50 Bedford Square, on Thursday, April 3, and will be continued during the Season.

MRS. HELEN PERCY will Sing HENRY SMART'S Popular Ballad, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Myddelton Hall, Thursday, April 24.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has REMOVED to No. 26 Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.
No. 15.

MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON has the honour to announce that she will RETURN to Town, having completed her Continental Tour, at the latter end of April.

All communications to be addressed to her, at 6 Vere Street, Oxford Street, W.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO will RETURN to London for the Season, on the 26th inst., and make their *début* in "Semiramide," at Her Majesty's Theatre, May 1.

Applications, relative to Engagements for public and private concerts, to be addressed to Mr. Land, 4 Cambridge Place, Regent's Park.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL has ARRIVED in Town for the Season.
For Harmonium Lessons or Engagements, address Herr Engel, 57 Brompton Square, S.W.

MR. WILBYE COOPER will Sing "THE RETURN," Composed expressly for him by J. L. HARRISON, at Myddelton Hall, on April 24, and at St. James' Hall, May 10.

Mlle. GEORGI will Sing at Chelmsford on the 15th, Colchester 16th, and Bury St. Edmund's 17th April.
All applications for Engagements to be made to Mr. Jarrett, Musical and Concert Agent, at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 241 Regent Street, W.

Mlle. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN, Prima Donna of the Theatre Pagliona, Florence, will ARRIVE in Town for the Season 1862, April 15.

All communications respecting Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, Soirées, &c., may be addressed to Mr. P. E. Van Noorden, 115 Great Russell Street, Bedford Square.

MR. GEORGE HOGARTH, Secretary to the Philharmonic Society, begs to announce that he has Removed to No. 1 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

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The above celebrated works are just published by FARMER & FRUWIRTH, 7 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, W.

THE MUSICAL STUDENT'S MANUAL, Combining the Essential Elements of Musical Knowledge, with a succinct guide to the reading of Vocal Music, by THOMAS MURBY, Editor of the "Golden Wreath," "New Tunes to Choice Words," &c.

Div. I.—Relating to Sound, pp. 136, price 2s.

Div. II.—On Rhythm, to complete the Work, will be published shortly.

The "Manual" is used as a text-book at the Borough Road, Stockwell and Westminster Training Colleges.

"One of the best elementary books for learning music, as a science, that we have yet seen. It is very cheap."—*Globe*.

"The subject is treated with clearness and ability. The difficulties of almost every page are cleared up as the journey proceeds, and the learner feels himself in company with a fellow-student, who, being slightly in the advance, blandly beckons him on."—*Critic*.

"New Tunes to Choice Words," Second Edition, 32 Easy, Original, Juvenile four-part Songs, cloth \$vo, 1s. 6d.

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PREMIERE TARANTELLA, pour PIANO, par BRINLEY RICHARDS. Price 5s.

"Among the many admirable compositions for the pianoforte which Mr. Brinley Richards has given to the world, we are inclined to give the highest place to his 'Tarantelle,' as being not only the most elaborate, highly finished, and masterly work that he has yet produced, but as being one of the finest specimens of a very difficult description of music that we have met with. We need not tell our musical readers that the 'Tarantelle' is a Neapolitan dance of the most rapid kind, and that the national tunes which are used in accompanying its movements have suggested to composers a species of composition of similar rhythm and impetuous character. Many celebrated composers have written 'Tarantelles,' but few such works have been published in England. Among those known to our public the best are the Tarantelles of Moscheles, Chopin, and Stephen Heller. The great difficulty which the composer has to encounter in writing a piece of this kind arises from the peculiarity of its character and rhythm. You will observe that the Neapolitan phrase which must place, as it were, the dancing Lazarion before our eyes. To preserve this generic character, and at the same time to achieve novelty and originality, demands great ingenuity, invention, and command over the technical resources of the art. Mr. Richards has entirely succeeded in this arduous task. He has taken a simple Neapolitan phrase of a couple of bars, such as those which are played by the Calabrian Piffarelli; this phrase is heard without interruption from the beginning to the end of a long piece; and yet it is treated so skilfully, introduced by such a variety of modulations, combined with so many different accompaniments, forming sometimes one part of the harmony and sometimes another, rushing on all the while with unabated impetuosity and fire, that the attention and interest of the listener never flag for a moment, but keep constantly rising to the brilliant climax with which the piece concludes. A work so highly artistic is, perhaps, not calculated to become so popular as music of a slighter construction might be, though works are now becoming popular which a few years ago would have been 'cavalcie to the general,' and within the reach only of the educated few; but there are many among our amateurs who are capable of appreciating and enjoying the beauties of this fine work—a work which entitles Mr. Richards to a place in the first rank of the pianoforte composers of the day."—*Illustrated London News*, April 5, 1862.

WARBLINGS at EVE, Romance for the Pianoforte, par BRINLEY RICHARDS. Solo 2s. 6d.; Duet, 3s.

"The style and expression of Mr. Richards' Romance, 'Warblings at Eve,' are indicated by the motto prefixed to it:—

"Oh nightingale that on you bloomy spray

Warblest at eve when all the woods are still."

It is a charming piece, full of the freshness and quiet of a lovely summer's evening. The stillness of the woods is beautifully contrasted with the note of the nightingale, which Mr. Richards, correcting a common error in natural history, has represented as cheerful and brilliant, and has imitated by passages of the most florid kind. Altogether this is a very happy piece of descriptive music."—*Illustrated London News*, April 5, 1862.

THE CHEAP HAND-BOOKS for the ORATORIOS, &c.—The originators of the TWO-SHILLING HAND-BOOKS, were Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., who, in order to provide the public with an arrangement worthy of the immortal works themselves, and at a price accessible to the art-awakened millions, published their celebrated folio editions by John Bishop, in the form of octavo, and at the price of 2s. each. These editions are unrivalled. Apply for lists and specimen pages (of 21 oratorios, &c., already issued) to Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington Street, and No. 4 Hanover Square, W., publishers to the Queen.

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DUET—I give the best advice. (Eily and Myles)	- - -	4 0

ACT III.

SONG—The Lullaby. (Myles.) In A and in F	- - -	2 6
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DUET—Let the mystic orange flowers. (For two equal voices)	2 6	
BALLAD—Eily Mavourneen. (Hardress.) In F and in D	- - -	2 6
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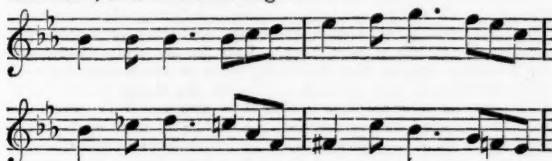
Reviews.

"Our Memories of the Past"—Canzone—poetry by PARKER MARGETSON, Esq.; Music by THOMAS H. SEVERN (Robert Cocks & Co.).

A graceful little song, the melody flowing and tuneful, the accompaniment neat and finished without pretension. Any singer might do worse than take it up, especially as a ballad for the drawing-room.

"Two German Songs,"—"Only Thou Everywhere," and "The Imprisoned Songster;" "Select Pianoforte Compositions;" No. 2, "Mazurka;" No. 3, "Nuits à Napoli;" No. 4, "War Marches;" No. 5, "Valse Caprice;" No. 6, "Three Lyrical Sketches;" No. 11, "Andante in E flat, with Variations."—WILLIAM VIPOND BARRY (Author).

It is a pity to find so much serious purpose, and indeed so much apparent talent wasted, as in the above pieces. Not only does Mr. William Vipond Barry carefully imitate all the worst mannerisms of Schumann, but he joins issue with Herr Wagner in denying "the tyranny of the tone families." It would be useless entering into a minute analysis of such music as he produces (if we have here specimens, as we presume to be the case, of his adopted method of writing); first, because to convince one so hopelessly wandering in the wrong path would be impossible; and secondly because it would take up an entire number of THE MUSICAL WORLD to cite even half the objectionable points we could name. The third of the "Nuits de Napoli," a tarantella, entitled "La Danza," has a second theme, the melody of which is unaffected, new and charming:—



The rest, unfortunately, despite a certain show of spirit, and a fluency which seems to spring from recklessness rather than from natural ease, is not to match. Such progressions as the following:—



— and the following:—



— are frequent. Here too (at the expense of the unoffending melody we have cited) is an example of how a *pedale* can be got rid, and a modulation effected simultaneously:—

And yet, notwithstanding these offences against pure harmony and good taste, we have an innate conviction that there is something in Mr. William Vipond Barry, which he himself will not allow spontaneously to come out. The counsel we can honestly offer him is to abandon Schumann, and take Mozart for a model. If he is unprepared for this sacrifice we advise him hereafter to write invariably *in unison*.

"The Soldier's Death Song,"—words by CAPTAIN EDGEWORTH; music by RICHARD L. EDGEWORTH, Esq. (Marcus Moses, Dublin).

This patriotic, or national song, or both patriotic and national song, is, we may suppose, the joint production of father and son. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, author of the words, and brother of the celebrated Maria, we shall allow to speak for himself:—

"Mother, cease this sad repining,
Sister, soothe that anxious breast,
For, in glory's arms reclining,
Erin's soldier sinks to rest.
Never more, of beauty's weaving,
Garlands gay will deck this brow;
Cease, my Nellie, cease from grieving—
Fame's green laurels crown me now."

"Am I dreaming? am I dying?
Do I hear the village bell?
Softly tolling, as if sighing
From afar a long farewell.
Fainter, fainter, grows that pealing;
Brighter, brighter dawns the view;
Past is every earthly feeling—
Glory, mother, love, adieu!"

These words have been set with appropriate sentiment by the gallant Captain, who is apparently an adept at Music no less than at arms. The tune, if not exactly Irish, is simple and expressive, and the accompaniment natural and without the least attempt at fine writing.

"To dream of Thee,"—Ballad—words and music by GEORGE CROAL (Cramer, Beale & Wood).

The words of this little song reveal a nice ear for rhythm and verse, the music both a vein of melody and a taste for harmony.

"On Thee my heart is always fondly dreaming"—Words by GEORGE LINLEY; Music by GORDIGIANI.

The melody (neatly accompanied, as was invariably the case with the late Sig. Gordigiani) has all the Tuscan flavor, and the words of Mr. Linley fit it exactly. The song is in every sense good.

"*The Juvenile Pianoforte Album*"—(Boosey & Sons). Here is "a shilling's worth," as tempting as a plum cake! Twenty of the most popular songs of the day—Italian, English, Irish, French and "Christy," arranged and fingered so as to suit the means, and accommodate the capacity of the youngest and least experienced of pianoforte players, boys and girls (men and women, we think) we may add, considering the vast multitude of amateurs in these isles, who are but little skilled to perform music of any degree of difficulty).

"*Bonnie Scotland*"—composed by WILLIAM BRIDGES (Cramer, Beale & Wood).

The title-page of this ballad (a fervid apostrophe to "*Caledonia stern and wild—meet nurse for a poetic child*") is adorned with a coloured lithograph of Walter Scott's monument in Prince's Street (so called in honour of the visit from the "Prince Regent," afterwards King Regent, George IV.), Edinburgh.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent)

How many times a day, on the average, is the old quotation about "*toujours perdrix*," despite the moral it contains, employed by writers on the periodical press of England? How many times has it been already so employed? How many times will it still be so employed? To establish more triumphantly my point (for I may as well inform you there is a point in these introductory lines, which is certainly more than can always be asserted truthfully of all the articles which appear in the — well, never mind the name of the paper; I do not desire to offend either the editor or my fellow-contributors)—to establish, I repeat, more triumphantly my point, with which I mean shortly to pierce the dullest intelligence, I will simply observe, with regard to the above questions, that Echo, according to her wont, for as long as I can remember, answers, "Where?" an answer which, with all due respect for established prejudices, I humbly opine to be a question. Again; I suppose you will not deny that, however tired we may become of "*perdrix*," constant consumption never produces in us a loathing for bread. Now—and here comes the point I wish to establish—it is in literature as it is in life. Just as there are certain edibles that never pall, so there are certain jokes, puns and quotations that never weary. The public not only forgive their introduction on all possible occasions, but go still further—they expect it. What are the lines which tell best on the stage?—those which the critics and the few other intelligent people who may sometimes be found among the audience pronounce worthy of approbation? Not a bit of it. The lines which, to speak in theatrical language, theatrically, "bring down the house" are those which contain some trite joke, which has been familiar to all who hear it as far back as their memory will carry them. And does not the same hold good of conversation? Woe, woe, to him who, desirous of achieving a reputation as a conversationalist, disdains to avail himself of some ancient repartee, because he fancies it is too well known and too apparent! Precisely because it is well known, it will be greeted as a valued friend, and, because it is apparent, some one will be sure to use it, and thus score "a hit, a palpable hit," against his more scrupulous companion. Now, after the incontrovertible principle laid down in this preamble, I should be perfectly justified, in my present letter, were I, taking into consideration the state of affairs at Berlin at this moment, to state playfully that, "though *harmony* was banished from the political circles of the above capital, it still retained its accustomed influence in the concert-room, and that," etc., etc. But, as I am strong, so will I be merciful. I will, therefore, refrain from taking advantage of my power, on condition that none of my *collaborateurs* in the MUSICAL WORLD be allowed to use the subject. It is a mine of wit, a journalistic British Columbia, I know; and, if anyone works it out, I claim the right to do so. Having given this warning, I will proceed, as usual, to inform you what we are doing, in the way of music, on the banks of the Spree.

On account of the continued indisposition of Herr Krüger, Auber's *Muelle* was substituted for *Die Zauberflöte*. The fact of this event having been unexpected, may, perhaps, with some persons, be accepted as an excuse for the mediocrity of the performance. I purposely say, "with some persons," for I myself would not accept such an excuse. The Royal Opera House is largely subsidised by the Government; it is

the first establishment of the kind in Prussia; its company is imagined by the Prussians to be the *beau idéal* of an operatic company, and yet such a work as *La Muelle* was given in a style which would disgrace a strolling troupe. It is no palliation of the offence to say that the various artists were taken by surprise—they ought not to have been taken by surprise. Auber's fine opera is no mere ephemeral work, but one of sterling merit, and all the members of the company of the Royal Opera House, Berlin, ought to be acquainted with every note in it, from beginning to end; and, if they are not, they should forbear giving it at all, until they are. The only persons not deserving of blame were Mlle. Forti, as Fenella; Mad. Harriss-Wippern, as the Princess, and the members of the band, under the direction of Herr Taubert. Every one else, however, was execrable, especially Herr Woworski, whose Masaniello did not present one redeeming point. The chorus were inattentive and idle, though, it is true, they woke up in the prayer *à capella*, which they sang magnificently. Mozart's *Titus* has been selected for the grand gala performance on the 22nd inst., in honour of the King's birthday. Let us trust that the artists of the Royal Opera House will pay more respect to the work of Mozart than they did to that of poor Auber.

The fourth Soirée of the Royal Domchor consisted entirely of vocal music, the place of the instrumental pieces being supplied by vocal solos. Mlle. Hase sang Mendelssohn's beautiful Hymn for soprano very agreeably. Herr Geyer, also, sang several solos effectively. The execution of the motets and chorales for mixed voices was superb, and afforded fresh proof—that though fresh proof is not needed—of the great care and profound acquirements of the present director, Herr von Hertzberg. This gentleman is plainly resolved not to allow the institution to fall off one iota from the excellence to which it attained under its former director, but, rather, to raise it even still higher than it stands at present.

The fourth Soirée of the admirable concerts given by Herren Zimmermann and Stahlknecht brought their season to a close. The only fault I can bring against these gentlemen is that their season was too short—far too short; and I should almost feel inclined to skip, were such afeat possible, over the coming summer, merely to have the pleasure of again hearing, without delay, such music as they gave us, performed as they performed it. Why, oh, why, cannot some one waft me, together with Herren Zimmermann, Stahlknecht and company, into the year 1863, just as several highly respectable persons, in various grades of life, have, at various times, to my certain knowledge, sent other respectable persons into the middle of next week? I say "to my certain knowledge," for I cannot suppose that the contingencies on which alone depended their not doing as they asserted they would do, always turned out in such a way as to induce them to alter their purpose. Yes! It must be so. Individuals have been sent into the middle of next week—there is no doubt about it. Why, then, by an extension of a process already evidently well known, cannot I, together with Herren Zimmermann Stahlknecht and company, be transported into the year 1863? But perhaps, Herren Zimmermann, Stahlknecht and company might not like the idea. They might say that they have accepted engagements for the present summer. This, I think, considering their well-known merit and great popularity, is more than probable. I will, therefore, abandon my notion about a short cut to the Future—the more readily, by the way, because, were I to proceed thither along any but the regular path, I might be exposed to the risk of hearing more music *à la* Wagner than I could desire—and be content to reach it as I have always been accustomed to do. En attendant, I may state that the gem of the last Soirée was Beethoven's Septet. A great treat also, was afforded by a magnificent performance of Herr Taubert's trio in F, Op. 32.

Herr Radecke is another gentleman of undoubted ability, who has brought an interesting series of concerts to a close for the season. His programmes were invariably most interesting, if only on account of the endless variety which distinguished them. For him, no composition was too old and none too modern, several works, previously altogether new to a Berlin audience, having first been performed here under his direction. That the execution was not always on a par with the good intentions of the concert-giver is a circumstance which should excite no surprise, when we reflect what an endless amount of trouble must be needed to drill an orchestra hired for the occasion into performing satisfactorily a difficult score. It must be borne in mind that the rehearsals are inevitably limited both in number and duration; and as long as a musician does not possess an orchestra selected and educated by himself, he can never hope to rival the performances of long established musical institutions, which enjoy advantages entirely beyond his reach. For these reasons, among others, I am not inclined to measure Herr Radecke's Concerts by too high a standard, and consequently can speak favourably of the execution of a tragic overture by R. Radecke, and of

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, although the occasional uncertainty of the vocal solos in the last-named work was exceedingly provoking, and contrasted disadvantageously with what I had previously heard at the same concerts. Herr Ehrlich, the well-known musical author and composer, who is, at present, stopping in this capital, played Beethoven's pianoforte Concerto in G major with great feeling and power. He was loudly applauded at the conclusion. Altogether, Herr Radecke may fairly congratulate himself on the last concert of his series having been fully equal, if not superior, to its predecessors.

A Musical Matinée, for a charitable purpose, attracted a very large and fashionable audience to the Singacademie, on the 16th—for how could Charity fail to attract, when holding in her hand a programme on which were printed, in conspicuous characters, the names of such artists as Ristori, Desirée Artôt and Dawson? Nor was the number of those who came forward with the offer of their services in the good cause limited to the trio of celebrities just mentioned. Others there were, by no means contemptible in their way, although their names may not yet have become

"Familiar in our mouths as household words."

The principal feature of the entertainment was the recital of various favourite selections and pieces by Mad. Ristori and Herr Dawson. The latter recited Gaudy's "Harpé," and Freiligrath's "Blumenrache," with a most effective melodramatic instrumental accompaniment by Herr von Flotow. In the way of music, Mlle. Artôt sang, I need hardly say how—and, therefore, I will not—the Rondo from *La Cenerentola*; and Mad. Exrleben, a lady hitherto unknown, gave the grand air of revenge belonging to the Queen of Night in *Die Zauberflöte*. She gave it, moreover, in the original key, and succeeded in singing the highest notes with purity and apparent ease; but her style, however, was aught but pleasing. Herr Fricke sang Löwe's "Uhlen-Allegro;" and Herr Ganz, as well as Herr Wolff, from Frankfort-on-the-Main, played some instrumental pieces.

Herr J. Bott, conductor at the Court Theatre, Meiningen, has arrived, for the purpose of superintending the last few rehearsals of his opera, *Actaea*, which will very shortly be produced. At Kroll's Theatre, there will be Italian opera until the 15th of next month. The season began on the 22nd inst., but, as yet, I have not attended any of the performances, nor have I spoken to any of my friends about them, so that I cannot say whether they are good, bad, or indifferent. All I know, thanks to the announcements in the public prints, is that the company is under the direction of Sig. Achille Grafigna, and consists of the undermentioned members:—Soprano, Signora Carolina Merca, who, if report speaks truth, has made a great sensation in Barcelona, Turin, Milan, and—America (the latter is rather a large place, but no matter); Contralto, Signora Veralti (Florence, Rome, Turin); Tenor, Sig. Butterini (Milan, Turin); Barytone, Sig. Brandini (Florence, Rome, Turin, Milan); Buffo, Sig. Penso (Naples, Milan, Florence); and Basso, Sig. Bagaglioni (Milan, Turin).

I am now off to a private quartet *Sorée*, where I ought to have been at seven o'clock, and it is now a quarter to eight, so I have not much time to spare, for I always like to be punctual—as you yourself do. Till next week, therefore, or, mayhap, the week after,

VALE.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT.

(From the "Observer.")

"The concert of last Monday evening was chiefly remarkable for its pianoforte playing. It was announced to be for the benefit of Miss Arabella Goddard, whose extraordinary ability has been so frequently demonstrated at these meetings. The attendance was the largest that has yet been witnessed. St. James's Hall was crowded throughout—the preserves and the cheaper districts alike. To the lady in question much of the success of the Monday Popular Concerts may be attributed, for whatever novelty the programmes have presented in the realms of pianoforte composition, has been at her instance, as her revivals of Dussek and Woelfl, and the latter sonatas of Beethoven, loudly testify. The scheme of Monday night, as regards the instrument especially concerned, contained one of the last mentioned works (the famous op. III, in C minor), Bach's prelude and fugue '*Alla Tarentella*', and the '*Kreutzer*' Sonata. Miss Goddard acquitted herself with her usual exquisite skill. Her reading of the magnificent sonatas of Beethoven is well known. Her delivery of this colossal work borders on the marvellous. The last of the series written by Beethoven, and belonging to the group which, until lately, has been avoided by pianists, it presents an accumulation of most embarrassing difficulties. To unravel them

simply would be no ordinary feat, but to endow them with light and poetry is to do something hitherto unachieved. The introduction, so picturesque and dignified, leads to the most brilliant of allegros, which eventually gives place to a slow movement, the tender and mournful beauty of which is not exceeded in interest by any of the numerous episodes of Beethoven of the same class. The variations which follow upon this most gentle and expressive of themes are fraught with originality, the delicate placidity of the first gradually giving way to more impetuous figures, until the canvas becomes crowded with those passionate and restless fancies, characteristic in the last degree of the composer. To the discursive flights for both hands, so replete with fairy gaiety and sparkle, Miss Goddard by her close and pearly execution imparted a grace peculiarly her own, a specimen of double scale playing—to look at it from a more prosaic point of view—as faultlessly exact as it was sweepingly rapid. The sonata, in a word, came forth, under her magic touch, as clear and shapeable—to use a homely word—as if it were of the simplest manufacture, instead of a combination of the most *recherché* idealities, fruitful and prodigal in change, and as inconvenient for the player, as a writer as indifferent to comfort as to capability could make it. Bach's prelude and fugue were performed at the last Philharmonic concert by Miss Goddard with an effect that was reproduced now. Nothing, as before, could surpass her delineation of the symmetrical progressions of the old master, her interpretation of the three-part fugue being one of those marvels of crisp and independent fingering, and precision of touch, with which we only occasionally meet. How Miss Goddard plays the '*Kreutzer*' Sonata is well known. In the present instance she was associated with Herr Joachim."

(From the "Morning Herald.")

"The last concert before Easter was given on Monday night, being for the benefit of Miss Arabella Goddard, who, we need hardly say, more than any other artist, has contributed by her magnificent talent to bring these entertainments to the unprecedented popularity they have now reached. That the public were of that opinion was proved by the enormous crowd which attended. The selection was admirable. The pianoforte pieces were Beethoven's sonata in C minor, op. 111 (his last); Sebastian Bach's prelude and fugue, '*Alla Tarantella*', in A minor; and the '*Kreutzer*' Sonata of Beethoven, for pianoforte and violin. These pieces not merely demand the highest powers of execution—and indeed the sonata solus and the prelude and fugue are altogether beyond the means of any except the most accomplished players—but necessitate the command of every style and expression. Beethoven's op. 111—which, we believe, except by Miss Goddard, had never been attempted in public in this country until last year, when Mr. Charles Hallé, as a matter of course, played it in his series of performances of the entire sonatas of Beethoven—is not only one of the most difficult ever written, but one of the most profoundly poetical. To conceive and master such a composition is the grandest triumph of the pianist; and never did Miss Goddard in a more unmistakeable manner vindicate her title to be ranked among the most consummate artists living than on Monday night, by her matchless performance of that gigantic musical epic. The prelude and fugue of Bach were repeatedly by especial desire, not merely from the sensation they created on a former occasion at the Monday Popular Concerts, but from their enthusiastic reception more recently at the Philharmonic Concerts. In the magnificent '*Kreutzer*' sonata, Miss Goddard enjoyed the co-operation of Herr Joachim; and the performance, we need hardly say, was transcendent from beginning to end. Altogether the concert was one of the most thoroughly gratifying and interesting that has been given under the direction of Mr. Arthur Chappell, and, with very few exceptions, detained in their seats the immense audience that filled the St. James's Hall until the echoes of the last notes of the '*Kreutzer*' sonata had died away in the acclamations with which it was greeted."

(From the "Times.")

"The performances yesterday evening (at the 81st concert) were for the benefit of Miss Arabella Goddard, who made her last appearance for the present season. Since the Monday Popular Concerts, now so firmly established in public favour, were originally instituted, Miss Goddard has been one of their chief and most constant supporters. When they were looked upon as a mere experiment, and Mr. Arthur Chappell—who, by indefatigable research and industry, has succeeded in conducting them to so prosperous an issue—was fairly puzzled how to construct his programmes, so as not to tax too severely what was then, reasonably enough, considered the but slenderly cultivated taste of his audiences, she was the earliest to come forward, in a true spirit of chivalrous enterprise (love of art being her sole monitor), with works such as the later compositions of Beethoven, certain resuscitations of Dussek, and others even less known to the present race of amateurs—

the preludes and fugues of Handel, John Sebastian Bach, &c. That her faith in the beautiful was speedily appreciated, and the music it was her honourable task to 'revive' as speedily accepted—with a warmth, too, and unanimity proportioned to its value—is now matter of history. She had previously done something for the good cause at her own *soirées*; and the wider field offered to her by the Monday Popular Concerts, where her audiences counted by thousands, instead of by hundreds, became merely an incentive to proceed with redoubled zeal in the same legitimate direction. Thus, by those who appreciate the excellent and healthy tendency of these entertainments—which have done more than any others to make the London public honest musical—she has always been identified with their progress, and it was not surprising that the first concert given under her own name should excite more than usual curiosity and attention. The room, indeed, was literally thronged. The stalls were invaded by a crowd of 'fashion,' whose carriages might have been seen lining Regent Street, from the northern Circus to the entrance of St. James's Hall; while the balconies, galleries and orchestra, were densely packed by those genuine lovers of music who from the beginning have mainly contributed to the success of the Monday Popular Concerts. The selection provided by Miss Goddard for this her important and interesting occasion was as follows:—

Quartet (No. 3, Op. 33), in C	Haydn.
Song, "The praise of tears"	Schubert.
"Swedish winter song"	Mendelssohn.
Sonata (Op. 111.) in C minor	Beethoven.
Prelude and Fugue alla Tarantella	Bach.
Song—"Ely Mavourneen"	Benedict.
Old English Song—"Near Woodstock Town"	
Sonata dedicated to Kreutzer (Piano and Violin)	Beethoven.

"The quartet was nobly represented by Herr Joachim, Herr Ries, Mr. H. Webb, and Mr. Paque. One of the most cheerful as well as one of the most masterly of Haydn, it could not fail to please. The pianoforte sonata was the 32nd and last composed by Beethoven, for the instrument he loved so well, and which, by his wonderful genius, he raised almost to the dignity of the orchestra. This, the Prelude and Fugue *alla Tarantella* of Bach, and the sonata dedicated to Kreutzer, had all been heard before from the same fingers; and it is therefore enough to add that, in each instance—as, under the circumstances, might naturally have been expected—Miss Goddard played her very best, in the famous 'Kreutzer' deriving an inestimable advantage from the co-operation of Herr Joachim, who, in the sonata of Beethoven as in the quartet of Haydn, exhibited the highest qualities of his unrivalled talent.

"The vocal music was remarkably well given by Miss Clari Fraser, who was heard to most advantage in the genial specimen from Mr. W. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, and Mr. Tenant, who obtained a well deserved encore in the charming ballad from the *Lily of Killarney*, Mr. Benedict himself being the accompanist. At the next concert—announced for Easter Monday—Mr. Charles Hallé is to play the *Sonata Pathetica* of Beethoven, and the 'Kreutzer,' the latter with Herr Joachim, who is also set down for Bach's *Chaconne*, which recently created such a veritable *furore*."

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE third concert was equal in excellence to either of its predecessors, and was attended by such an audience as made the old Hanover Square Rooms (now so pleasantly re-decorated) look as gay and brilliant as at any period of their long and musically interesting career. The symphonies were by Haydn and Beethoven. It was delightful to hear the ever fresh and melodious work of Haydn (known to amateurs as "Letter T")—the first of three grand symphonies in the key of E flat, the best of which seems always the one to which we are immediately listening—and more especially to hear it played *con amore*, so thoroughly in the spirit of the composer as was the case on Monday night, when the fine orchestra, over which Professor Sterndale Bennett presides with such ability, exhibited a vigour, precision, and unanimity that reflected honour alike on themselves and their conductor. The Beethoven symphony was the colossal "No. 7" (in A major), a work which its second movement—that mysterious "*rêverie*" in the minor mode, with such seeming inconsistency marked "*allegretto*"—would alone have immortalised, if happily each of its other parts had not been equally a *chef d'œuvre*. The overtures were Mendelssohn's passionate *Ruy Blas*, and Auber's stirring and splendid *Masaniello* (both given to perfection). *Ruy Blas* cannot be heard too often; and *Masaniello* would bear more frequent hearings than it has hitherto obtained at these concerts, where we are glad to observe the pedantic and hurtful exclusiveness which in former times refused admission to the picturesque orchestral preludes of Rossini and Auber gradually fading into disuse. Such overtures as *Masaniello* and *Guillaume Tell* would do honour to any concert, however

"classical." The "lion" of the evening was Herr Joachim, who played twice, and in each instance created a sensation almost without parallel. The first performance of this "Emperor of Fiddlers" was Herr Molique's admirable concerto in D minor, a work that will, in all probability, survive as long as the instrument for which it was composed. Every movement of this concerto—as all amateurs of the violin are aware—is masterly; but the last—a *rondo* full of capricious traits, piquant, fanciful, and (despite the affinity of its rhythm to that of the first *allegro* in Beethoven's 7th Symphony) entirely original—is not merely faultless in construction and development, but a genuine inspiration. Herr Joachim, in accordance with his ordinary rule, performed the whole from memory—how well we shall not trust ourselves to add. To criticise perfection would be a thankless task; to eulogise it superfluous. Enough that Herr Joachim played as if he had been improvising. It was, indeed, difficult to imagine the composition not his own, with such fluency and natural eloquence did it proceed from the instrument which he controls, as though it were a "familiar spirit," instead of a simple composition of "wood and catgut." If Herr Molique was in the room, and not satisfied, he can hardly have written his concertos for mortal fingers. The audience, more than satisfied, recalled Herr Joachim to the orchestra, and literally "cheered" him. Still more "marvellous" a feat was the solo in the second part—an *andante* from one of the sonatas of John Sebastian Bach, succeeded by the renowned Fugue in C major, one of those seeming impracticabilities which, though Bach produced them for his own amusement, neither he nor any of his contemporaries could possibly have executed. Here there is no orchestral accompaniment to sustain the player. Melody, harmony, accompaniment and all, must be supplied by his unaided fingers; and this, too, in a fugue, and the fugue, moreover, on a fiddle! Herr Joachim's realisation of this dream of the venerable and venerated Cantor of St. Thomas's School at Leipzig, in a word, as far surpassed any of the boasted achievements of Paganini (who scarcely ever played other music than his own) as the achievements of Paganini can have surpassed those of his predecessors—including Tartini, who wrote "*The Devil's own Sonata*." It fairly electrified his hearers.

Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Santley were the singers. That they sustained their high repute at the Philharmonic Concerts may be readily believed, and that the music they selected was well adapted to exhibit their abilities to advantage will be understood when it is added that Miss Pyne sang "Al desio di chi t'adora," from Mozart's *Figaro*; Mr. Santley one of the finest airs from Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*; and the two together a duet from Spohr's *Faust*. At the next concert (May 5) Mile. Titiens is to sing; Herr Ernst Pauer to play a concerto; Mr. Cooper another (Mendelssohn's) on the violin; and the orchestra—as a *quasi* novelty—to give a symphony by M. Niels Gade, the Danish composer, whose promise was first detected and encouraged by the always generous Mendelssohn.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

On Monday night Dr. Wylde commenced the 11th season of the New Philharmonic Concerts with one of the best programmes he has ever given, and before one of the largest audiences ever assembled in St. James's Hall. His band, upwards of eighty strong, is now an instrumental force not easy to match in this or any other country. Nearly all the chief performers are from the Royal Italian Opera, and with these are associated others (Herr Molique and Mr. H. Blagrove—"principal violins"—for example) whose co-operation would be invaluable to any orchestra. Dr. Wylde yearly gains experience as a conductor, and with experience that self-reliance which enables the wielder of the "*bâton*" to inspire his followers with confidence, and thus insure a vigorous and efficient execution. The grand orchestral pieces selected for his opening concert night, were Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor, played at the end of the first part, Beethoven's overture to Goethe's *Egmont*, with which the concert began, and Weber's to *Oberon*, with which it was brought to a close—a triad of masterpieces by no means the less welcome on account of their being (thanks to the wonderful progress of these latter years) familiar to the majority of the audience. The symphony (the graphic and life-like revelation of the composer's impressions during his tour in Scotland) was, of course, the *cheval de bataille*; and we must do Dr. Wylde the justice to say that a more effective performance of this great work, from one end to the other, has very rarely been heard. It was listened to with undeviating attention by the vast assembly, who keenly enjoyed every note of it, and applauded movement after movement with a heartiness there was no mistaking. These were not all the instrumental pieces, the pianoforte being assigned a more than ordinarily important share in the programme. To Miss Arabella Goddard—who a week since bade a temporary "farewell" to the patrons of the Monday Popular Concerts, and now made her last appearance in London for the present sea-

son — were allotted a concerto and a *fantasia*, each in its way incomparable, the first by Mozart, the last by Beethoven, both with orchestral accompaniments. Mozart's Concerto in D minor (the noblest of the "23," which, among so many other prodigious works, in every style, his fertile genius bequeathed to the world) is a piece for which Miss Goddard has always exhibited a predilection, and to which she is indebted for more than one artistic triumph. We are therefore relieved from the necessity of describing her performance, the merits of which have been frequently discussed. Enough that she was received with such favour as to show that the audience were as satisfied as ever with her "interpretation" of Mozart, and with her execution of the two very showy and ingenious "cadenzas" which Hummel has inserted in his own edition of the concerto. The piece of Beethoven was the *Fantasia* in C major, for pianoforte, orchestra, and chorus, a more romantic and beautiful composition than which never came from the pen of the most imaginative of musicians — the "tone-poet" *par excellence*. By the side of this the mass of ordinary *fantasias*, with their senseless preludes and insipid variations, look pale and insignificant indeed. Here is a *fantasia* justly so styled, inasmuch as it reveals a whole world of fancy, instead of being a mere jumble of irrelevant passages — a finger-show, in short. This, too, has been so often played in public by Miss Goddard that to dwell upon her reading of it, however agreeable the task, would be going over old ground to little or no purpose. To state that her last performance for the season was also not her least worthy is equivalent to saying that the poetical music of Beethoven lost none of its fascination in her hands, and made its accustomed impression on her hearers, who applauded her with enthusiasm. The orchestral parts and those for the semichorus and chorus were all that could be desired.

The "solo" vocal music was unusually attractive, the singers being Mlle. Titieni, who, in three of her pet pieces—Alice's romance in the first part of *Robert le Diabolique*; "Bel raggio" (*Semiramide*); and "Com'è bello" (*Lucrezia Borgia*)—delighted the audience beyond measure. Altogether, the entertainment was calculated to enhance the already high reputation of Dr. Wylde's concerts. At the next (May 7th) Herr Joachim is to play, the sisters Marchisio to sing, and Mr. J. F. Barnett (Dr. Wylde's most brilliant pupil) to contribute a pianoforte concerto.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The magnificent performance of *Solomon* at the last concert of this society was not only directly interesting on its own account, but indirectly with relation to the approaching Handel Festival, at which—on the second day, when there is to be (as on the last occasion) a miscellaneous programme—some of the choruses are to be introduced. The numbers chosen for this purpose are among the most splendid and picturesque in a work which abounds in masterpieces of choral writing—viz., "From the Censer" (Part II.), "Music, spread thy voice around," "Shake the dome," "Draw the tear from hopeless love," and "Thus rolling surges rise" (Part III.). We are disposed to suggest the addition of "Praise the Lord" (Part III.), and "May no rash intruder" (Part I.—the so-called "Nightingale" chorus)—the former one of the grandest, the latter one of the most melodious and beautiful in *Solomon*, which, by rendering still more complete, would render still more attractive the already rich selection. These, as well as the others we have named, were given to perfection on Friday night, and thoroughly enchanted the audience (one of the most crowded we remember). A repetition of "May no rash intruder" was insisted on, and Mr. Costa, finding the opinion so unanimous, without hesitation complied. In the vast arena of the Crystal Palace—unless the new arrangements in the orchestra surpass all expectation—the "pianissimo," so ably sustained in this last-mentioned chorus at Exeter Hall, will have to be very considerably modified. The solo singers were Misses Banks and Louisa Pyne, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Montem Smith and Lewis Thomas. To do justice to the part of Solomon demands musical acquirement and vocal facility in equal proportions, inasmuch as it is one of the most difficult ever composed. Mad. Sainton, it need scarcely be urged, possesses both qualifications in an eminent degree, and the music could not have been intrusted to more competent hands. Miss Louisa Pyne, to whom was allotted the principal "soprano" music of the first and second parts, is becoming as accomplished in oratorio as she has long been in opera. To specify one of her efforts on the present occasion, the air, "Can I see my infant gored," the true mother's appeal to Solomon in the famous "Judgment" scene, as an example of tender and pathetic singing has never in our remembrance been surpassed. There were "tears" in every note of it. Miss Banks was thoroughly efficient in all she had to do, whether in solo airs or concerted pieces, her fresh voice and unaffected manner exercising their accustomed charm. Mr. Montem Smith, though perhaps a little overweighted in some passages of the

tenor part, which is occasionally very trying and seldom very grateful, proved himself, not for the first time, a well-trained musician. The one bass air, which fell to the share of Mr. Lewis Thomas, was delivered with that gentleman's accustomed intelligence. The Passion-week performance of *The Messiah* is announced for Wednesday, the 16th.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The concert on Saturday afternoon was one of more than ordinary interest, the programme being almost exclusively devoted to a new work by a young English (or Irish) composer, hitherto unknown to the public. Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, originally a pupil of Mr. Goss, in the Royal Academy of Music, was selected by the Committee of the Mendelssohn Testimonial Fund to be sent to Leipsic as "Mendelssohn Scholar." At Leipsic he pursued his studies with Herr Hauptmann, whose worth is known to all professors. The music to Shakespeare's *Tempest* is one of the fruits of his industry at Leipsic; and it was this which Herr Auguste Manns, with his accustomed spirit, brought forward on the present occasion. The concert-room was crowded to the doors, and a success was obtained by the young musician of which he, and those who first discerned the germs of talent in him, may well feel proud. So enthusiastic, indeed, were the audience that they insisted on no less than five pieces being repeated—viz., the song which Ariel sings in the ear of the sleeping Gonzalo ("While you here do snoring lie"); an orchestral interlude at the end of the third act; the duet between Juno and Ceres ("Honour, riches, marriage-blessing"); a dance of nymphs and reapers, at the end of the fourth act; and Ariel's song, "Where the bee sucks." The other well-known passages of which Mr. Sullivan has availed himself are Ariel's "Come unto these yellow sands," and "Full fathom five thy father lies." There is also an orchestral prelude at the commencement of every act, and a grand overture at the beginning of the fourth, besides incidental music. As we understand that the work is to be performed again (and, indeed, after so great a success it would be strange if it were otherwise), we shall not pay Mr. Sullivan the ill compliment of judging him critically by a single hearing. Enough at present to say that his music to the *Tempest*, while betraying a strong partiality for Mendelssohn's fascinating style, exhibits remarkable merits, and amongst the rest a decided vein of melody, a strong feeling of dramatic expression, and a happy fancy in the treatment of the orchestra. It must be remembered, too, that in certain passages he has had the formidable task of coping with some of the most admirable English melodiasts; and, while we cannot hold out a hope that his version of "Where the bee sucks" will eventually put aside that of Dr. Arne, we must compliment him, not only for the ingenuity with which he has avoided all resemblance to that faultless model, but for the graceful manner in which he has set the words anew. Of this, however, more on the next occasion. Herr Manns deserves infinite credit for the almost irreproachable execution of the new music—an execution so refined and delicate as would have insured a favourable reception for even a work of far less pretensions. Miss Banks and Miss Robertine Henderson (the latter the best and most promising singer the Royal Academy of Music has recently sent forth) deserve no less praise for their careful and highly-finished performance of the vocal solos, &c—a remarkable example of which was the duet for Juno and Ceres, already named among the pieces that were encored. The band, good throughout, shone most brilliantly in the "Dance of Nymphs and Reapers," and in the overture to the fourth act. The Shakespearian text (that is, so much of it as Mr. Sullivan has included in his plan) was read, as clearly and effectively as possible under the circumstances, by Mr. A. Matthison. At the conclusion there was a loud call for "the composer," who, being led forward by Herr Manns, was greeted with the heartiest applause from all sides. After the *Tempest* a German singer, Herr Emil Scaria, was heard (for the first time) in the bass air from *Die Zauberflöte*, "In diesen heil'gen Hallen," and Miss Robertine Henderson gave Herr Ernst Pauer's "Gondoliers" in a charmingly fresh and unaffected manner. On Good Friday (shilling day) there is to be a concert of sacred music, for which Mr. Sims Reeves is engaged.

EXETER HALL.—The *Messiah* will be performed on Monday next (Passion Week) by the National Choral Society, at Exeter Hall. The principal vocalists will be Mlle. Florence Lancia, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. Sautley. Conductor, Mr. G. W. Martin. The second of the series of three concerts which Mr. Martin is giving to the soldiers of the London garrisons will take place shortly at Exeter Hall. It will be recollected that the first concert to the military took place about three months ago, on which occasion nearly two thousand soldiers were invited by Mr. Martin to a performance of the *Messiah* by the National Choral Society, with full band and principal vocalists. On Wednesday the Sacred Harmonic Society will give a performance of the *Messiah* with Miss Louisa Pyne, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Sig. Belletti.

S T. J A M E S'S H A L L,
Regent Street and Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

E I G H T Y - S E C O N D C O N C E R T, O N M O N D A Y
Evening, April 21, 1862, on which occasion

H E R R J O A C H I M

Will make his Sixth Appearance at these Concerts.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in C. No. 77, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (First time at the Monday Popular Concerts), MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. WEBB, and Piatti (Haydn). Song, "The Winter's Walk," Mlle. FLORENCE LANCIA (Schubert). Romance, "The Colleen Bawn," The Lily of Killarney, Mr. SANTLEY (Benedict). Sonata Patetique, in E flat, Op. 13 (by desire), Mr. CHARLES HALLE (Beethoven).

PART II.—Chaconne, in D minor, for Violin Solo (Repeated by general desire), Herr JOACHIM (J. S. Bach). Song, "I'm alone," The Lily of Killarney, Mlle. FLORENCE LANCIA (J. Benedict). Stornello, "Giovinetino dalla bella voce," Mr. Santley (Angelo Mariani). Sonata, in A, Op. 47, for Pianoforte and Violin (dedicated to Kreutzer), Mr. CHARLES HALLE (Beethoven).

Conductor, MR. BENEDICT. To commence at eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption.

* Between the last vocal piece and the Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, an interval of Five Minutes will be allowed. The Concert will finish before half-past ten o'clock.

N.B. The Programme of every Concert will henceforward include a detailed analysis, with Illustrations in musical type, of the Sonata for Pianoforte alone, at the end of Part I.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. (Cork) will be welcome as often as "the spirit moves him" to write.

WASP.—"Vouloir plaisir aux dépens d'autrui, rien ne sent plus un mal-honnête homme. Quand on fait gloire de ce talent nous concluons qu'on n'en a point d'autres." Let "Wasp" name the author. "La raillerie est un commerce d'esprit qui doit avoir ses règles."

NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

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To PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

To CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1862.

THE engagement of Mr. Santley at the Royal Italian Opera as first barytone can only surprise those who are unacquainted with that gentleman's eminent abilities and qualifications. Mr. Gye no doubt is aware that the aristocracy have no special desire that English singers should figure prominently in the Italian Opera, and, knowing that, his securing the services of Mr. Santley must be set down

to very high talent in the artist, or a real difficulty in finding a foreign barytone. That Mr. Santley's vocal powers are remarkable all who have heard him sing must admit; and that he has art enough to compete with the foremost living singers in his line, few, we think, will deny. His only drawback is the short apprenticeship he has served on the stage; but even here his friends can point to the manifest improvement he indicates, we may say, nightly in his performances. Were our English barytone only a very indifferent actor, he could find extenuation in the Italian singers of the present day, from whom, indeed, the histrionic art appears—with some honourable exceptions—to have departed. Under the circumstances the director of the Royal Italian Opera could not, in the unavoidable absence of Signor Graziani, have made a happier selection than Mr. Santley to fill the part of the Count di Luna.

Let not, however, our English singers imagine that Mr. Santley has worked his way to his present high position by his fine voice and natural taste alone. These would not have raised him to his present eminence, had not his talents and accomplishments been submitted to the best schooling. Mr. Santley, in fact, went to Italy very young, and studied there for two or three years under the most experienced masters. That he gave himself up to his studies heart and soul we may conclude, seeing the excellent results that have followed. Had he remained in England, and practised with the same perseverance, he would hardly by this time have become an object of solicitude to the director of the Covent Garden Opera.

There are always two sides to a picture, the bright side and the dark side. We have considered the former; let us now contemplate the latter. The engagement of Mr. Santley as first barytone—or one of the first barytones—shows unmistakeably the dearth of voices in the "Land of Song." There is no talent in Italy. The old has been taken away; the new is not forthcoming. The managers of the Italian Opera have ransacked the four (five) quarters of the globe for Italian singers; and what have they procured? It is worth while to consider the materials of which the two Italian Operas are composed. To commence with the Royal Italian Opera:—

Sopranos.—Mlle. Adelina Patti (American), Mad. Penco (Italian), Mad. Csillag (Hungarian), Mad. Rudersdorff (German), Mad. Miolan-Carvalho (French), Mlle. Marie Battu (French), Mad. Tagliafico (French), Mlle. Gordosa (Italian);—two Italians among nine prima donnas.

Contralto—Mad. Nantier-Didiée (French).

The tenors (*mirabile dictu*) are all Italian. Barytones and basses—Sig. Ronconi (Italian), Sig. Graziani (Italian), Sig. Delle-Sedie (Italian), M. Faure (French), Mr. Santley (English), Herr Formes (German), M. Zelger (Belgian), M. Tagliafico (French), Sig. Fellar (French), Sig. Patriossi (Italian), Sig. Nanni (Italian), Sig. Capponi (unknown);—five Italians among twelve.

Her Majesty's Theatre:—

Sopranos—Mlle. Titiens (German), Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio (Italian), Mlle. Dario (Italian), Mlle. Louise Michal (Swede), Mad. Guerrabella (American), Mlle. Drusilla Fiorio (Italian), Mlle. Kellogg (American)—three Italians among seven.

Contraltos—Mlle. Barbara Marchisio (Italian), Mlle. Trebelini (French), Mad. Lemaire (French)—one contralto among three.

The tenors (*mirabile dictu*) are all Italian.

Barytones and basses—Sig. Giraldoni (Italian), Sig.

Casaboni (Italian), M. Gassier (French), Sig. La Terza (Italian), Sig. Bossi (Italian), Sig. Castelli (Italian), Sig. Zucchini (Italian).

It will thus be seen that in one Opera more than a third are Italians, and in the other more than half.

We do not pretend to account for the decadence of singers in Italy. No doubt the increased demand necessitates a more rapid cultivation; and the music market, like other markets, has its speculators, its growers and providers, who lose no time in meeting the demand. Formerly, besides the Italian theatres, there were but Paris, London, and Vienna to be furnished; and even among these capitals a sort of compromise was effected, as the seasons did not fall within the same period; so that artists who appeared at one time at the Grand Opera of the Austrian capital, or the Salle Vantadour, might exhibit themselves shortly afterwards at Her Majesty's Theatre. But now all this is changed; America (North and South) has an Italian Opera in almost every State. Nay, Australasia, too, must have her fashionable musical entertainments, and her first-class vocalists. Thus Italy is drained of all its promise, half-educated singers being considered good enough to cross the seas; and art, deprived of its principal resources, is impoverished and dies. We cannot believe that Italy even now is destitute of voices, or that the art of instruction is lost in the country of its birth.

WHAT a lengthy chapter might be written about fallacies, and how day by day "popular errors" are rectified, and "things not generally known" come before the world. The Commissioners of the Great Exhibition in 1851 seriously debated as to the admissibility of implements of warfare, inasmuch as a new era was to be inaugurated, when the sword should be turned into a ploughshare, the spear become a pruning hook, the lion take his siesta with the lamb, and the only contest should be between rival manufacturers, or enterprising shopkeepers, struggling for prize medals. The last ten years have somewhat dissipated any notion that might have existed as to the advent of this peaceful millennium. Russian, Chinese, Indian and American wars (amongst others) have shown that nations are governed by like passions with individuals, and that all countries can no more be expected to agree than all men to be of one mind; and it is anything but a flattering comment upon our boasted enlightenment and civilisation to find what a large share of our debates in Parliament and columns in the newspapers is absorbed by the subject of rifled cannon, armour-plated ships, and such bellicose subjects; while one of the most prominent features to be displayed within that remarkably ugly building at South Kensington, which is to be opened on the 1st of next month, will be a collection of all descriptions of death-dealing weapons, models of the "Warrior," and other vessels fearfully and wonderfully made; the iron target that had to withstand the tremendous pounding of the Armstrong gun,—in short, anything and everything that appertains to war and its accessories. There are fallacies, too, about matters musical,—none, perhaps, greater than the remark whose staleness is only equalled by its stupidity, that the English are not a musical people. A glance at the advertising columns of the *Times* will set this at rest, as far as London is concerned; and to any one musically undecided the difficulty is to know which to choose, so multifarious are the provisions of sweet sounds. The provinces, too, have their Philharmonic Societies, their quartet meetings and choral classes, and in many respects are little behind their

metropolitan brethren. As to the taste for good music, poor Jullien effectually set that question at rest long ago, when the shilling-paying masses showed their appreciation of orchestral music by a crowd of double density whenever a classical night was announced; while, perhaps, never since those works were first penned, have chamber compositions been listened to by audiences anything like equal in number or intelligence to those found, week after week, at the Monday Popular Concerts.

It is generally supposed that the manufacturing are far in advance of the cathedral towns, the former having the character for energy and public spirit; while the latter are stigmatised as slow and behind the age. We are rather inclined to question this assertion—certainly as far as music is concerned; for we find that Leeds shuffled out of her festival last year with a variety of excuses, while Hereford boldly maintained its own, and this year Gloucester bids fair to come out stronger than ever. From information just placed at our disposal by the courteous and energetic secretary, Mr. J. H. Brown, we learn that for the next festival at the "fayre citye" something like fifty stewards have already been obtained! This looks like business, as each steward makes a donation of 5*l.* to the charity, to say nothing of the contributions obtained from his friends; and most of them, being residents in the county or neighbourhood, contrive to fill their houses with visitors, and daily attend the performances in large numbers. When the stewards were limited to half a dozen, the deficit (for which those who undertake the office are held responsible) varied from 100*l.* in 1790, to 1547*l.* in 1841—no small sum to be defrayed by the six spirited guarantors. At the last festival, 167*l.* deficit was but lightly felt, amounting to something less than 4*l.* a-piece for the forty-four gentlemen who served the office, while the collection rose to 1143*l.*, exceeding any previously known; and Worcester, the year following, not to be outdone by the sister city, made up more than 1300*l.* for the relief of the widows and orphans of the clergy of the three dioceses. We hear that negotiations will be entered into with the very highest talent obtainable; and, from the thoroughly competent manner in which everything appertaining to the Festival is invariably managed, believe that we are fully justified, even thus early, in predicting a complete success for the next Gloucester Music meeting—a success which it will richly deserve, as a reward for the spirited liberality of the gentlemen who have again come forward to aid the noble cause of charity.

A DISPUTE having arisen in Tunbridge respecting the duties and rights of an organist, an opinion on the subject was obtained by the vestry from Dr. Twiss:—

"An organist is a person not known to ecclesiastical law, either as an officer of the church or a servant of the parish. The parishioners are not obliged to provide an organist, even if there should be an organ. On the other hand, no person may play upon the organ during Divine service, unless permitted to do so by the minister. The position, therefore, of the organist is ambiguous, wherever there be a salary for an organist at the disposal of the parish, as the function of the organist depends on the minister's permission, while his salary depends upon the resolutions of the vestry. In the present case, I think the appointment of an organist who shall be entitled to receive the money invested for it rests with the vestry; but such appointment will not confer the right to play during Divine service without the minister's permission, although it will entitle him to the salary. There is, in fact, no such person as a parish organist, in the legal sense of the word, as we speak of the parish clerk or sexton, and therefore he does not come under legal consideration so as to be able to do certain acts solely in respect to that office. The organ, in this case, is the property of the parish, and I am of opinion that the

churchwardens have the custody of it, and may lock it up; but I am also of opinion that the minister has authority to order when the organ shall be played during Divine service, and that the churchwardens are therefore bound to unlock it during Divine service, so that it may be available for use according to the incumbent's directions."

After this, who would be an organist, provided only he could be a policeman?

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

MR. EDITOR.—May I offer a few remarks on what may be termed a threadbare subject, but yet not near a settlement, as it is still a matter of debate in all private musical conversation, and withal still "a vexed question?"

It is connected with sacred music in general, and Handelian compositions in particular,—viz. TIME. Do we not want a standard very badly? Is it not awful to hear choruses of serious, and often doleful, words snatched off like the "chopping" of artificial Darkies in their "Old Joe stood at the garden gate," and other similar jingling farcical compositions? Is it not too frolicsome—if not profane? In sober seriousness, does it not destroy the effect intended by the composer, by taking away all solemnity from the performances, and negative entirely the word "sacred?" The words *largo*, *adagio*, *andante*, are now without meaning, or are shifted into *allegro*, *vivace*, and *prestissimo*, and these latter driven into motions which might be called, in English,—"hurry," "confusion," &c.

It might be interesting to trace this evil to its source, and see if some method could not be adopted to put a stop to it; or if not, at least to enable certain conductors, great and small, to know what they are about, and what unwarrantable liberties they are taking. As there is no prevailing standard, it would seem that each thinks himself clever in proportion to the rate at which he can drive a movement.

The public taste, too, is becoming alarmingly vitiated. It may be, and is called by many, the "New School;" but whether it is a better one than the old is a matter for deep reflection. Like many other new methods, it would probably be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." But could it be decided that the new-jigging style is best, even then it would be well to contrive some rule for the guidance of the many conductors who are seemingly without judgment, or, what is the same thing, never reflect upon the words uttered; and what naturally would be the method of singing under such circumstances.

It is often remarked that using the *bâton* is a much easier thing than using the *bow*; but the sound judgment of a conductor should never be destroyed by this fact. Should this be worth your notice, I shall pursue the subject on a future day, finding I am only beginning where I hoped to end.

SPECTATOR.

March 26, 1862.

SIGNOR GIUGLINI has left Barcelona (after six performances) for Paris, where he is now under the hands of his medical adviser, in consequence of a very severe cold, which has temporarily influenced his voice. A short repose, however, will, it is believed, give him restored health and vigour, for his engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre.

SIGNOR RONCONI.—There is a report (we sincerely hope unfounded) that this admirable artist is dangerously ill at Barcelona.

MAD. RISTORI AND M. MIRÈS.—A Paris letter says:—"Mad. Ristori has been on a visit to M. Mirès in his prison at Douai, remembering that in the days of his prosperity the famous banker sent her a very liberal subscription for one of the representations

given for her benefit. Mirès was greatly affected at this mark of gratitude, and, it is said, was unable to refrain from shedding tears. In the course of conversation he said to the great tragedian that he was certain of being condemned, but that he would speak before the case was over. The scandalous reports made at the commencement of the action have, it would appear, some foundation. Mirès will doubtless make up his mind to speak at the last moment, if he has anything to say."

HERR JOACHIM has been at Manchester, playing at the Gentlemen's Concerts, conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé.

MR. SANTLEY has been singing at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society in Dublin.

MEYERBEER.—Our readers will be glad to hear that M. Meyerbeer is perfectly restored to health.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE season commenced on Tuesday with *Guillaume Tell*, cast precisely as last year. A more crowded and brilliant audience never graced the theatre on an opening night. That Rossini's great work, after nine representations last season, should carry its attraction into the present year, was naturally to be expected. The performance, if not altogether one of the most generally effective ever heard at Covent Garden, was in many respects a triumph.

The overture was encored, and Mr. Costa repeated the *allegro*. The band was almost uniformly admirable; but we have heard the chorus in some instances to greater advantage. Signor Tamberlik, whose voice exhibited all the brilliancy and resonance of his best days, and who sang magnificently throughout, was uproariously applauded in the duet, "Dove vai," in the trio of the second act, and in the air with chorus "Suivez moi," in which his "*Ut de poitrine*" provoked the accustomed enthusiasm.

M. Faure was impressive and noble in *Tell*; Mad. Miolan-Carvalho as fluent and French as ever in *Matilda*; M. Zelger no less zealous than is his habit in *Walter*; Signor Polonini absolutely perfect in *Melchthal*; Signor Tagliafico careful and picturesque in *Gessler*; Signor Rossi thoroughly correct in *Rudolf*; Mad. Rudersdorf, bustling, assiduous, demonstrative and untiring as ever in *Jemmy*; Mad. Tagliafico, smiling and cheerful in *Eduige*; and Signor Patriossi somewhat uncomfortable in *Lenthold*. At the end of the third act after the swearing of the Cantons the applause was vehement, and the curtain rose again in obedience to the unanimous desire of the audience.

The opera was repeated on Thursday, and will be given for the third time to-night.

Next week will be full of "novelties." On Tuesday the never-absent *Trovatore*, with Mlle. Gordosa as Leonora, Mad. Nantier-Didiée as Azucena, Signor Tamberlik as Manrico and Mr. Santley as the Count di Luna; on Thursday the *Favorita*, with Mad. Csillag as Leonora, and Signor Gardoni (his first appearance these two years), as Ferdinand—the character in which he made his *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1847.

MESSRS. KLINDWORTH AND BLAGROVE'S CONCERTS.—The third was held on Saturday evening. Three instrumental, and a like number of vocal pieces, constituted the entire programme, which possessed sufficient attraction to command a well-filled* and attentive audience, who seemed thoroughly to appreciate the entertainment. Sterndale Bennett's sextet in F sharp minor (Op. 8.) for pianoforte, and "strings," with which the concert began, was a treat all the greater from its rarity (it was last performed by Miss Arabella Goddard, at Mr. Willy's quintet concerts in St. Martin's Hall). Messrs. Klindworth, H. Blagrove, Deichmann, R. Blagrove, Daubert and White, played this fine work *con amore*, and to the entire satisfaction of their hearers. Is there any reason why the sextet should not be introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts? There can be little doubt about the genuine reception it would meet with. Schumann's trio in D minor (Op. 63.) for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was also performed without any very marked effect. The last piece was Beethoven's trio in B flat (Op. 97.) for the same instruments.—Mr. H. Blagrove here holding the first violin, which in Schumann's trio had been held by Herr Deichmann; Messrs. Klindworth and Daubert, as before, taking the pianoforte and violoncello parts,—

* "Where did they dine?"—*Printer's Devil*.

and one and all honourably distinguishing themselves. The "Emperor of Trios," the well-known "Rodolphe," was heard with delight from one end to the other. The vocalist was Miss Robertine Henderson, whose pleasing voice and unaffected style were favourably exhibited in a song by Herr Pauer, and in a romance and *barcarolle* by Schubert, all of which created a strong impression. The accompanist was Mr. Bial.

MR. DEACON'S MATINÉES.—At the second, among the full pieces, were Mozart's quintet in C for "strings," Onslow's sextet in E flat for "strings," with pianoforte, and Beethoven's sonata in G (Op. 30) for pianoforte and violin, the last demanding special acknowledgment for the admirable manner in which it was executed by Messrs. Sainton and Deacon. In the quintet the accomplished French violinist was supported by Messrs. Carrodus, H. Webb, Clementi, and Signor Pezze; the post of first violin in the sextet being efficiently held by Mr. Carrodus, Mr. C. Severn taking the double-bass, and Mr. Deacon of course the piano. In addition to these, Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat (Op. 45) for violin-cello and pianoforte (by Signor Pezze and Mr. Deacon) gave unqualified satisfaction. Mr. Deacon was also warmly applauded for his musician-like reading of the Barcarolle from Sterndale Bennett's 4th concerto (Op. 19), and the rondo from Weber's sonata in C (Op. 24). Messrs. Collard's elegant rooms were filled with an attentive and really appreciative audience.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—After a long and successful career, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed with Mr. John Parry withdrew their "*Card basket*," on Saturday last in order to make way for a novelty from the pen of Mr. Tom Taylor, entitled "*The Family Legend*." It is perhaps late in the day to expatiate upon the merits of the clever trio who have so firmly established themselves in the favour of the public, to enlarge upon their versatility, or add another word to the praise which has been so freely and so justly lavished upon them. With the present generation, however, Mrs. German Reed will only be associated as the clever delineator of character, at one moment the slightly imperious Mrs. Candytuft, the remarkably undesirable "party," Miss Niobe Pry, the very fully developed Dolly Chickbiddy, or the lazy maid of no work; Pamela Dibbs, with her Henrietta the homicide—the child of mystery, or the headless husband; but there are some of us whose memories go a little further back, and who have not forgotten the days when Miss Priscilla Horton was the charmingly graceful, slim-figured Ariel to Macready's Prospero and Helen Fauci's Miranda, when her portrait in every music shop window adorned "Where the bee sucks," or "Full fathom five," which she sang so well. And when Macready's revivals of Drury Lane were the universal theme, and *Acis* and *Galatea* was put upon the stage as it had never been before, was not Miss Priscilla Horton the *Acis* to Clara Novello's *Galatea* and Staudigl's *Polyphemus*—such time as Clarkson Stanfield painted the scenery and Tom Cooke conducted the orchestra? Neither have we forgotten how, when Helen Fauci was prevented from appearing by illness, Priscilla Horton came forward and at once delighted and astonished crowded houses at the Haymarket by her impersonation of Virginia, Ophelia, and all the leading tragic parts. And John Parry, too! have not some four lustres past since "*Wanted a Governess*" introduced him in a line which he has since made peculiarly his own! How refreshing it is, after the mass of vulgarity staring one in the face at every turn under the title of comic songs—still more vulgarised by the comic singers—to listen to John Parry, who makes you scream with laughter without for one moment losing sight of the fact that it is a gentleman who is entertaining you. His version of the "*Colleen Bawn*" is alone worth a visit,—all the fan, all the refinement of past days are as conspicuous as ever, while the things he does on the pianoforte are just as clever as they were wont to be. Nor must Mr. German Reed be overlooked, who, in the "*Two Rival Composers*," exhibits a talent which might have been turned to advantage had he chosen the stage for a profession, while his skill as a pianoforte player has ample opportunity of display.

MYDDELTON HALL.—A concert was given on Friday evening, with the following artists:—Miss Stabbach, Miss Poole, Mr. George Tedder, and Mr. Lawler, as vocalists; and as instrumentalists, Herr Wilhelm Ganz (pianoforte), and Master Arridge (flute). Herr Wilhelm Ganz also accompanied the vocal music. There were several encores, among which were a new song, composed by B. Althaus, charmingly sung by Miss Stabbach, entitled "The Morning Ride;" Ascher's ballad, "Alice, where art thou?" sung by Mr. George Tedder; "Jock o' Hazeldean," by Miss Poole; "I'm alone," from the *Lily of Killarney*, by Miss Stabbach; and Mendelssohn's "I'm a roamer," by Mr. Lawler. Herr Ganz played two new pieces of his own composition, viz., a transcription of the Neapolitan melody, "Santa Lucia," and a brilliant new galop, "Qui Vive," which is likely to become a favourite. Master Arridge's solos on the flute were deservedly applauded; and the concert altogether gave evident satisfaction to the audience.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The chamber concert given on Wednesday night to their friends by the Academy students contained, as usual, several points of interest. In the first place there was a MS. string quartet, which proved the sound musicianlike attainments of its author, Mr. Henry Baumer, who, besides being a composer of considerable promise, is also a pianist of no ordinary attainments. A MS. song, too, by Mr. H. C. Bannister, entitled "Rose of Summer," is worthy of honourable mention, especially as it was remarkably well rendered by Miss C. Westbrook, who also sang a new song of her own composition, "The cold winds." Miss Armytage's spirited version of Balfe's air, "Behold before me rise," from the *Maid of Artois*; and Miss Flewitt's singing of Niedermeyer's "Da to divisa in terra," were, perhaps, the most striking points of the concert; but as we cannot particularly mention each one of the students who took part in the performance, we will only add that the concert did credit to all concerned, and gave great satisfaction to the crowded audience.

HANDEL FESTIVAL.—Yesterday evening the last of the great choral rehearsals for the Handel festival took place in Exeter Hall. "*Israel in Egypt*" was rehearsed.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The second concert of the season, on Wednesday night, was signalised by the performance of a selection of the most popular vocal numbers of the *Lily of Killarney* under the direction of its gifted composer. The most striking pieces of the work, like all the best music for the stage, are likely to be as effective in the concert room as in the theatre. This is one advantage which the followers of the rule that Mozart unswervingly pursued, of never allowing dramatic expediency to excuse an infringement of the general laws of abstract beauty, have over the misguided disciples of Wagner's doctrines. Each single "number" of *Don Giovanni* may be listened to with delight in a room; and we should like to hear—but no! on second thoughts, we should not like to hear—a single page of *Tristan und Isolde* off the stage. Whether our readers would wish to hear this latest and most anti-musical development of the music of the future on the stage is a question we will not discuss, as the pleasanter topic of the *Lily of Killarney* bids us leave the *Zukunftsmusik* to exorcise the ears of generations yet unborn. The selection from Mr. Benedict comprised the tuneful and elegant duet "The moon has raised her lamp above," admirably sung by Mr. Tennant and Mr. Santley, and loudly encored; "In my wild mountain valley he sought me"—the most plaintive, original, and poetical solo in the opera, so charmingly sung by Miss Banks as to be also re-demanded; the "Boatmen's Chorus," by help of which effectively-harmonised strains, Mr. Benedict has invested the most prosaic of scenes with musical and poetical interest; the fine *scena* for Danny Mann, which Mr. Santley sang with splendid energy; "I'm alone," the gem of the work, by Miss Banks; the popular "Eily mayvourne," by Mr. Tennant, who sang it with taste and feeling, and the *value-finale* by Miss Augusta Thomson. The charming trio, "Lovely mourner, raise thy head," made room for the ballad "I'm alone." This trio has hitherto been too much overlooked, and needs but to be introduced at concerts for its beauties to be appreciated. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocalists, and conducted the boatmen's chorus. Sir Henry Bishop's "Tramp Chorus" the conductor took slowly, to suit the convenience of the choristers, who were more satisfactory in Dowland's madrigal, "Awake, sweet love," and that from Handel's *Giustino*, "Your ocean path attending," both given for the first time. The choristers also distinguished themselves in M. Randegger's very cleverly written Funeral Anthem, the organ part of which was performed by the composer. Mad. Lemaire in "Or là sull' onda" from Mercadante's *Guirramento*, and Miss Thomson in the air from Auber's *Serment*, which poor Bosio used to make so brilliant a feature of in *Fra Diavolo*, were the principal solo displays. Herr Ernst Pauer performed pieces by Scarlatti, Paradisi, Field, and Thalberg, with his accustomed skill, the *nocturne* of the English composer being received with the greatest applause. Herr W. Ganz accompanied the vocal music, except that of the *Lily of Killarney*.

THE SECOND PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—Whilst on the topic of programmes, we are reminded of the excellent programme of the second Philharmonic Concert on Monday last. A happier selection of music could not have been made. Beethoven and Spohr, Weber and Mendelssohn, gave us some of their choicest Works. The old and new schools of pianoforte compositions were represented by Bach and Bennett, while the vocal music consisted of two grand airs by Mozart and Glück. The little duet from *Don Pasquale*, pretty enough for the stage or the drawing-room, was hardly in its place between such giants. It is strange that the greatest giant of all (Bach) should carry off the honours of the evening, and find the most ready appreciation. Indeed, his prelude and fugue, *alla Tarantella*, created a *furore*. Who would think that that marvellous composition, as young and fresh as if it were written to-day, was penned as early as the beginning of the eighteenth

century? The two most beautiful specimens of a tarantella extant—those of Rossini and Auber—are actually pale by the side of that of the old master. Miss Goddard played it *con amore*. So swift were her fingers, so rapid was her execution, that it made one almost giddy to listen to it. But not only does she deserve praises for her mechanical dexterity: her reading of the prelude of Bach, and the Caprice in E, by Professor Sterndale Bennett, was equally to be commended. The latter composition, though beautiful in itself, is not calculated to produce a striking effect upon the audience. It must be regarded as a work for the orchestra with pianoforte "obbligato," rather than as a piece for brilliant display. The orchestra blends so happily with the solo instrument, that those who are in the habit of listening to the performer only, are naturally disappointed, and do not derive that pleasure from the performance which a concerto, or other composition consisting of different movements, would produce.—*London Review, March 30.*

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—A very attractive series of entertainments was given on Saturday night to a densely crowded house, for the benefit of Mr. Benedict, whose universally admired opera, *The Lily of Killarney*, was the principal feature of the bill. As the cast, with one exception (Mr. St. Albyn replacing Mr. Haigh in the part of Hardress Cregan), was the same as at the Royal English Opera—Misses Louisa Pyne, Susan Pyne, and Jessie McLean, Messrs. Harrison, Patcy, Eugen Dussek, and Santley sustaining their original characters of Eily, Mrs. Cregan, Anne Chute, Myles-na-Coppaleen, Father Tom, Corrigan, and Danny Mann, and as the band and chorus, selected from the Covent-garden company, were directed by Mr. Alfred Mellon, it is enough to say that the performance was all that could be desired, and that the opera was listened to from beginning to end with the interest that never fails to attend a really genuine and beautiful work. Two pieces ("It is a charming girl I love," and "The Colleen Bawn"—Mr. Harrison and Mr. Santley) were encored; the "Cruiskeen Lawn" (Miss Louisa Pyne) was uproariously applauded; Mr. Benedict was twice called on; and the whole of the performers were summoned at the fall of the curtain. *The Lily of Killarney* was preceded by Mr. Howard Glover's charming operetta of *Once Too Often*, in which Mlle. Jenny Bauer, Miss Emma Heywood, Herr Reichardt, and Herr Formes, appeared as Blanche, Hortense, Marcella, and Pompernick. This, too, was received with extraordinary favour. The drunken scene of Herr Formes, with his quaint air, "The monks were jolly boys," raised general hilarity; Herr Reichardt was encored in the graceful romance, "A young and artless maiden," and Mlle. Jenny Bauer in the last movement of her *scena*, "The solemn words his lips have spoken"—Miss Emma Heywood narrowly escaping a similar compliment in "Love is a gentle thing," one of the most genial and attractive pieces in the operetta. At the end, in obedience to a unanimous demand, the curtain was raised again. After the opera Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault appeared in *The Dublin Bay*, and kept the audience in high spirits until midnight—at which suggestive hour, almost to a minute, the curtain dropped for the last time.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.—Mr. J. H. Cave, the present manager of this remote theatre, is taking great pains to elevate its position. One of his achievements during the winter was an effective production of the *Colleen Bawn*, and recently he has engaged Mr. Benjamin Webster, who appears in the *Dead Heart*, one of the dramas in which his talents are most conspicuous. A large and commodious edifice, situated in a populous neighbourhood, it always seems strange that the Marylebone Theatre has not as yet attained a permanent celebrity. Under the successive managements of Mrs. Warner and Mr. J. W. Wallack attempts were made to convert it into a sort of north-western Sadler's Wells, with the legitimate drama as the staple attraction; and, though the efforts proved unsuccessful, they were far too creditable to meet with oblivion. Mr. Cave tries his fortune with the superior kind of melo-drama, supported by the best available talent.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—A decision was arrived at on Tuesday by the Committee of the House of Commons sitting on the Railway Bills of Group 1, likely to exercise a beneficial effect on the future prospects of the Crystal Palace. The Chatham and Dover Railway Company have promoted a line starting from the junction of their Metropolitan and Victoria lines at Brixton, and proceeding through Peckham, Forest Hill, and Sydenham, up to the road front of the Crystal Palace, and the committee declared that, subject to the Brighton Company constructing a portion of the line, over which the other company is to have ample running powers, the bill should pass. This will give access to the Palace on a sufficiently high level to avoid the inconvenience caused by the present stairs, and as the new station—which is to be placed in Dulwich Wood, immediately opposite the Palace—will have platforms of nearly 1,000 feet in length, with wide covered lateral approaches to the level of the lower floor of the building, it is obvious that great public convenience will result from the additional means of access.

As this line will also open up the Metropolitan (underground) railway by the intended bridge at Blackfriars, the Northern railways, the Metropolitan stations in Farringdon Street and in the New Road, will be in direct communication with the Palace. The chain of communication with the North London Railway by Kensington and Wandsworth is also fast approaching completion. Considerable works are being carried out at the Palace. The floors in the tropical and southern ends have been replaced with brick walls and piers round each flower-bed. A wide triple staircase has been erected, leading from the great transept to the basement, so that the crowds assembled on popular occasions, may escape from the building to the gardens, and vice versa, without inconvenience. The roof over the Great Handel Orchestra is being rapidly completed for the great musical celebration to be held during the coming season. Competent authorities predict that while the volume of sound will be enormously increased, quality and clearness will be even more remarkably enhanced. The demand for seats for the coming Festival being already considerably in excess of the Festivals of 1857 and 1859, contracts have been entered into for thousands of cane-bottomed chairs, as reserved seats, &c. A limited number of Half-Guinea Tickets will be issued on the 23rd of April. The great transept is nearly as large again as the transept of 1851: an additional story is added to the garden front, and this, coupled with the magnificent site upon which the Palace stands, gives it incalculable advantages, and must tend to make it the constant resort of millions drawn to London by the International Exhibition. Great care and preparation is bestowed on the gardens within and without the Palace. Hanging baskets have been suspended along each side of the nave; the flower-beds and walks on the terraces are being renovated with the greatest activity. The brilliant display of flowers in the upper gardens last year was the theme of general eulogium. The Directors having in view the anticipated great influx of visitors during the next six months, have decided upon issuing only one class of season tickets, viz., at one guinea each. These will be shortly ready for issue. The first great day of the season will be on Good Friday, when Sims Reeves, Mad. Rudendorff, and other vocalists, will appear in a concert of sacred music. To afford every convenience to visitors arriving and departing, the doors will be opened at nine o'clock, and the Palace lighted up in the evening. As on Good Friday last year 50,912 persons visited the palace, when Sims Reeves also appeared, a great day is anticipated.

BOOSEY'S QUICK-STEP JOURNAL.—A great desideratum has been supplied by Messrs. Boosey and Sons, the music publishers by their issue of a series of "marching cards" for the use of volunteer bands. Each set is a complete score of two marches, for sixteen or more performers, and there are twelve sets published, constituting a repertoire of well-chosen quick-step tunes, all of a popular character, but all removed from the commonplace vulgarity of the organs and the peripatetic bands of Ethiopian minstrels. Instead of airs which have been so hackneyed as to have lost what little power of pleasing they may once have possessed, we have in this series a really good selection of national melodies, with a few importations from the light and spirited operatic music of Verdi and Flotow, and one or two of the very best of the "nigger" tunes which are worth preserving from oblivion.—*Daily Telegraph*.

HAMBURGH.—The lovers of music here enjoyed a rare treat a few days ago, thanks to Mlle. Felicita de Vestvali. This celebrated young lady, who reminds us forcibly of Albini, possesses a voice unequalled for cultivation, compass and power. Seconded by an imposing personal appearance, she produces the most extraordinary effect, especially in the heroic line. The piece which pleased us most in the well-selected programme was the famous air, "Che farò senza Euridice?" "When I made up my mind," says Glück, "to compose the operas of *Orfeo* and *Alceste*, it was my intention carefully to avoid all the abuses which the misplaced vanity of singers and the too yielding temper of composers had introduced into Italian opera, abuses which have degraded one of the most beautiful and magnificent dramas into one of the most wearisome and the most laughable. I endeavoured, therefore, to restore music to its true duty, namely, that of supporting the poetry, so as to strengthen the expression of the feelings and the interest of the situations, without interrupting the action, or disfiguring it by unnecessary ornamentation. I believed that music should be for poetry what liveliness of colouring and happy mixture of light and shade are for a faultless and well-planned drawing, lending animation to the figures without disturbing the outline." (The prin-

* To produce so overwhelming an effect by such simple means, says as much for the genius of the composer as it does honour to the talent of the executant.

ciple suggested in the above words of the Chevalier Glück has been adopted at the present day—that is to say, after an interval of about a century—by R. Wagner, who has persistently carried it out, with what success we all know.) At the end of the concert, Mlle. Vestali gave the celebrated drinking song from *Lucrezia Borgia* in an indescribably effective manner; indeed, we may fairly say that her talent is especially adapted for this style of composition. While tendering Mlle. Vestali our best thanks for the great treat she has afforded us, we seize the opportunity of informing all lovers of music that there is another treat in store for them in the course of next week.—*Hamburg Paper.*

Provincial.

A correspondent writes from Hereford:—

"Our ancient city was enlivened recently by two amateur concerts (morning and evening), under distinguished patronage, for the benefit of the cathedral organ fund. The band of the 'Wandering Minstrels' accepted the invitation of their brother amateurs of Hereford, and their united efforts were crowned with success. The programme was highly creditable to the taste of the conductor, and the performance was, by universal consent, placed quite out of the realms of adverse criticism. Among the pieces were Beethoven's Second Symphony; Mozart's *Jupiter*; Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brillante*; Meyerbeer's March, from the *Prophète*; and the overtures to *Guillaume Tell*, *Masaniello*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *La Gazza Ladra*. Ernst's *Elegie*, 'Let the bright seraphim' (trumpe obbligato), and several vocal compositions by Handel, Spohr, Meyerbeer, Rossini, &c., &c., were admirably given by Miss Huntingford, the Misses Philips, Mrs. Cooper, Master Caldicott, Mr. Barnby, Mr. Carpenter, the Rev. W. Duncombe, the Rev. J. Goss, the Rev. F. Havergall, the Rev. Sir J. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Master Thomas, the lay clerks of the Cathedral, and members of the Hereford Choral Society. The soloists were—Pinoforte, the Rev. J. Capel Hanbury; Violin, the Hon. Seymour Egerton; Flute, Captain Le Patourel; Horn and Trumpet, Mr. A. B. Mitford; Violoncello, Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, whose solos were rapturously received. The concerts were ably conducted by the Hon. S. Grey Egerton, and the results must have been very satisfactory to the committee."

Letters to the Editor.

Sir,—The young English Composer, Arthur Seymour Sullivan, whose music for Shakspeare's *Tempest* was so favourably noticed in *The Times* of Monday, was a chorister in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, at the time he was chosen Mendelssohn Scholar; he then studied for two years at the Royal Academy of Music, and was afterwards sent to the Conservatorium, Leipzig. He entered the Chapels Royal in April, 1854, and left in June, 1857; and it seems just to the oldest school of English composers that this fact should not be wholly ignored in any notice of his educational career.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS HELMORE, M.A., Priest in Ordinary, and Master of the Children of her Majesty's Chapels Royal.

6 Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, April 8.

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"Signor Ferrari makes an observation which, as far as we are aware, is new. It is evidently well founded, and of great importance. Owing to the want of attention to the tone in which children speak, they acquire bad habits, and contract a habitual tone which is mistaken for their natural voice. It is a result of this neglect, he says, that 'the young ladies of the present day speak in a subdued, muffled tone, or what may be called a demi-falsetto, in consequence of which very few natural voices are heard.' Hence a young lady, when she begins to sing, frequently continues to use this habitual tone. 'The result is,' says Signor Ferrari, 'that not only does she never sing well, but soon begins to sing out of tune, and finally loses her voice, and in too many instances injures her chest. Indeed,' he adds, 'I have no hesitation in saying that hundreds of young ladies bring upon themselves serious chest affections from a bad habit of speaking and singing.' Signor Ferrari afterwards shows how this great evil may be cured by making the pupil read or recite passages in a deep tone, as though engaged in earnest conversation; and he adds, 'I cannot advise too strongly the greatest attention to the free and natural development of the lower tones of the voice. It is to the stability of the voice what a deep foundation is to the building of a house.'

"Signor Ferrari deprecates, as fatal errors, the custom of practising songs or solfège with florid passages before the voice is sufficiently cultivated. He is of opinion that young ladies ought to begin the study of singing at thirteen or fourteen, and not, as is generally done, at seventeen or eighteen, by which time they ought to be good singers. In regard to the important question how long the pupil ought to practise, he observes that this will depend on the acquisition of a proper method. The more a pupil practises with an improper intonation the worse, but once able to sing with a natural tone, he may practise two, three, or more hours a day without danger. All Signor Ferrari's precepts are of the same sound and rational character.

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